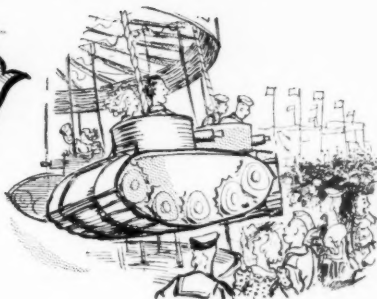




# PUNCH

OR THE  
LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCI No. 5242

August 27 1941

## Charivaria

A U.S. Senator declares that every American woman is at heart an Isolationist. Which of course is all my eye and DOROTHY THOMPSON.

We gather from Marshal PÉTAIN's recent broadcast that the French Government meets on September 9th to decide to give Herr HITLER what's left.

Because a prisoner in an American gaol was not allowed to listen to the radio he swallowed two spoons, a fork, a screw, several buttons and a brass knob. His idea seems to have been to install an indoor aerial of his own.

Any day now Dr. GOEBBELS may announce to the German public that the Nazi forces on the Eastern Front have brought a recently-launched stalemate to a successful conclusion.



These are the days when most men long for cigarettes like mother used to be able to buy.

There is probably no truth in the rumour that HITLER and MUSSOLINI are to meet on an Italian battleship in mid-Mediterranean.

A correspondent points out that billiard-table cloth may be purchased without coupons. Then what about a warm green waistcoat for the winter with the usual pockets?

### Cussedness

"After a week's severe fighting the Italians decided to call it a day."—*Gold Coast Colonial News*.



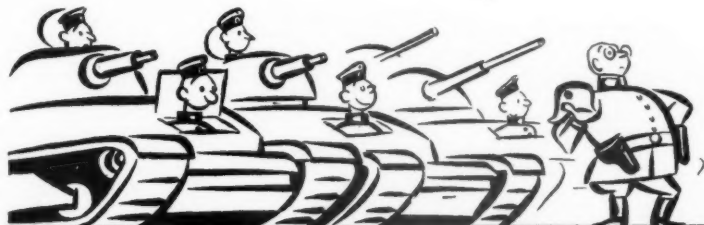
Australian soldiers have been commenting on the smallness of this country. Some have gone so far as to express surprise that BRADMAN didn't hit many more sixes when he was here last.

There is a growing feeling in Rome that at least the country might be treated like France and divided into Occupied and Unoccupied Italy.

### Surprise Packet

"CLOTHES BRUSH—The genuine pigskin back opens with a zipper and inside are a bomb, scissors, tweezers and nail file." *Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

"The Nazi advance into Russia has slowed down considerably," writes a correspondent. A popular theory in Berlin is that it is being held up by German Press photographers.



## A Curious Country

WITH I don't know how many prongs the German armies are preparing, I suppose, to prong the mountains of the Caucasus. This is the home of the Aryan race; it is fertile and there is oil. The mountains are full of strange tribes washed up by old wars to fight their blood-feuds and dream their dreams. The mountains are very high, and from the most ancient times the stories of the people living there have been as tall as the mountains. I find that my powers of incredulity have taken during my life an upward, followed by a downward, curve. If I believed once in fairy stories, or the legends of the heroes, I did not so certainly accept as true everything that was related to me by Herodotus or Marco Polo or Mandeville. But later historians, subsequent travellers, have weakened my powers of resistance. I have begun to swallow things humbly again. Let there perhaps be no race of one-eyed giants riding upon unicorns and feeding entirely on dragons' flesh. Yet there may well be a tribe of very tall men who habitually put out one eye in order to shoot crocodiles more accurately from the backs of rhinoceroses. Romans, Tartars, Russians, Turks and Persians have squabbled over the Caucasus with varying results. Geographers, ethnographers, poets have written about them. No one has exhausted the theme. With an open mind, therefore, I began to read the adventures in this part of the world which befell Mr. George Sava (who has given us so many charming stories) about twenty years ago.\* I hope that under the rule of the U.S.S.R. the mountains of the Caucasus have not altered very much.

He went into these strange places to find his sister who had been carried away by a mountain chief, and he was attended on his travels by an aged servant named Shota, whose knowledgeable remarks were more like those of Virgil engaged as a courier by Dante than those of an ordinary family retainer helping his master in a domestic crisis.

They had need to be. There was so much to astonish, so much to be learned. I don't think Mr. Sava would care to endorse more than half of what he was told; but the stories that the mysterious Shota related to him became more and more wonderful as they went on; in the end they caused my withered capacity for unbelief to blossom again like the rose. The Kubachi, for instance, are queer folk. They have "rare carvings from India, that must be centuries old, and Persian carpets on which they claim the great Xerxes sat." But they are of Roman ancestry. "All of a sudden," said Shota of an earlier visit, "they disappeared and later—I should say about two or three hours later—they returned, bringing me large sums of gold, all bearing the image of the Emperor Hadrian! 'Take this,' they said, 'and bring the power of Rome to the barbarians.' When you ask a Kubachi his origin he replies in his Darghi tongue 'Civis Romanus sum.'" They maintain that Pompey and Julius Cæsar were their kinsmen, and they bow before the statue of the golden Venus. They are great collectors and great forgers of antiquities.

But the Khevsurs in some ways are even queerer. They wear Crusaders' helmets, and carry large swords. They have shirts on which are sewn in brightly-coloured strips the Maltese Cross. They are "limited" Christians. They worship, that is to say, only four "Christian gods"—St. George, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and St. Paul. "When they slaughter a sheep they make the sign of the Cross.

That is all they know of Christianity." But they also worship Astarte and Allah. They drink Holy Beer but not wine, for grapes are sacred to Pan.

Of the Tabasars (also a little eccentric) it is said by a fellow-traveller with whom they fell in by the way: "They claim that the man who could really speak their language properly died some thirty years ago. They use a language borrowed from the people of the next valley, because it takes them so long to remember the correct form of their own."

Of the other Caucasian tribes it is related that a Tsar attempted to abolish the institution of slavery. The native princes were delighted by the proposal, but the slaves themselves grumbled and tried to refuse. "Slavery," they answered surlily, "is our sacred right. It is our privilege." It was found that they most of them belonged to some of the oldest and most noble families of Caucasia. Centuries ago their ancestors had sold their freedom to some prince, and their rights and duties as serfs were prescribed by tradition. If they had been armour-bearers then, they were armour-bearers still, although armour had fallen into disuse. Thus they had nothing to do, but had to be supported in comfort by their owners. When freedom was forced upon them by the orders of the Tsar they were obliged for the first time in their lives to work.

The Chechens again have unusual traits. "But which of you commands?" Shota asked. "Commands? There is no such word in our parlance." They are the last of the great robber barons. Governors of the Caucasus, it appears, sent out by the Tsars found that they could never command the Chechens to do anything. Thus a committal order frequently read "It is the pleasure of the Governor to request the Prince Such-and-Such to spend five years in jail for stealing from a bank convoy." Put thus politely, the plea could not well be refused.

The Tartars, on the other hand, descendants of the great cavalry of Genghiz Khan, are shrivelled and shabby little folk, with sad eyes, paying a double tax because they are so meek, drinking tea all day. Yet once in a while, inflamed by songs, they remember their past, jump on their ponies, and ride out or foray, murdering strangers. Then their strength leaves them and "they creep back like caterpillars to their tents and await the onslaught of their neighbours."

I also like that tribe of which Shota is made to say: "The treatment of diseases has something I always find touching. Take, for instance, a female disease like measles—"

"What, are diseases also divided into sexes?"

"Why, yes. If a person has measles he throws flowers over his bed and room and then puts confectionery in all the four corners. The disease then goes into the corner and smells the flowers and enjoys the sweets. But if the disease is masculine, the patient puts some honeyed wine in a jar and leaves it at the foot of the bed. The disease gets thirsty, goes down the neck of the jar, and gets drunk."

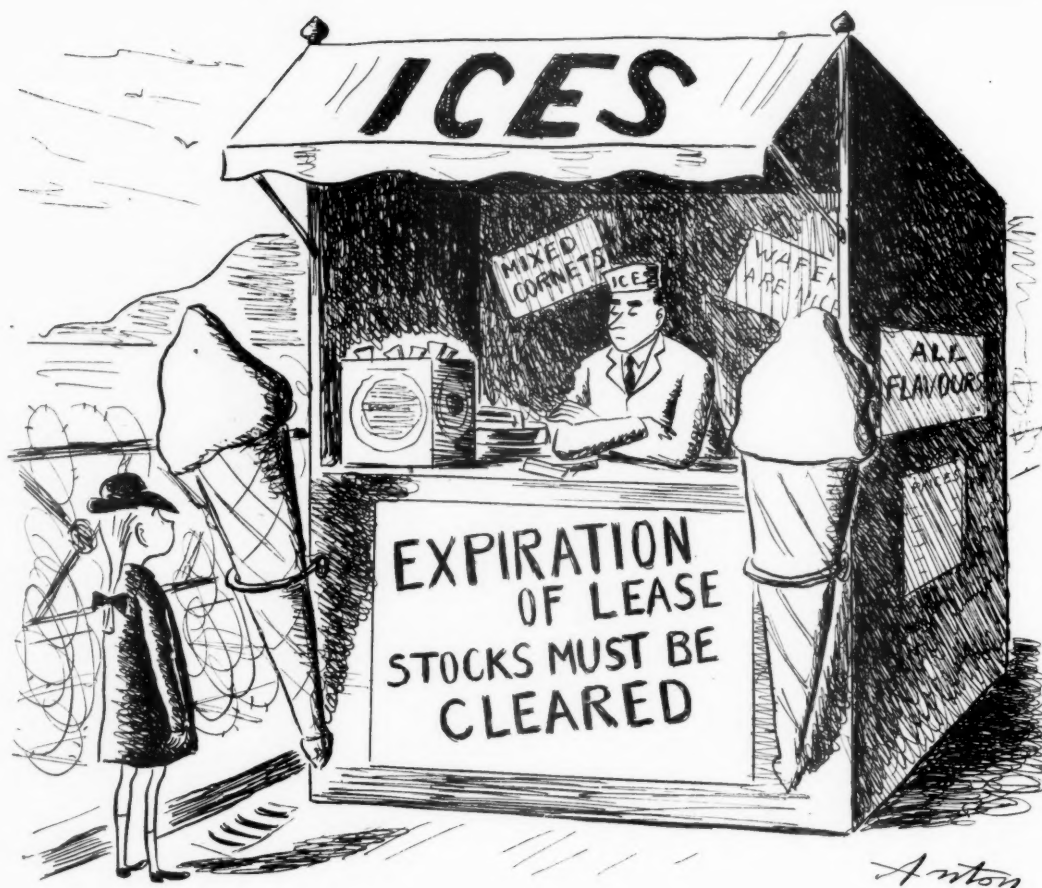
Mr. George Sava found his sister more, I cannot help feeling, by accident than design. He is not perhaps to be blamed if his delightful experiences in these remote and dangerous regions caused him at times to be forgetful of his quest. Remembering that M. Stalin also comes from these parts, one cannot help feeling that he knows much of men and things; that his mind is broad, and his constitution fairly strong.

EVOE.

\* Valley of Forgotten People. FABER AND FABER.



"THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER . . ."



### Cocktail Party

ON the hall-table, as well as the usual letter-scales, gardening-gloves and old copies of the Parish Magazine, was the second post.

Disregarding an ominous long-shaped letter with a celluloid window, I picked up a nice, square, expensive-looking one without even an economy label. Inside was an old-world "At Home" card asking me to a cocktail party.

I couldn't have been more excited, and spent quite a long time thinking how to answer in the third person, and deciding whether black or a little suit was the right thing for a party in the country. In fact not until I arrived, and the door had burst open and let out a volume of talk and smoke, did I remember that I hated cocktail parties.

How often I had arrived explaining that my husband was coming on later, to find a sea of unknown faces, shouting, laughing and drinking, and I never could make up my mind if they

were all simply idiotic or a dazzling and exclusive set which I was gloomily and priggishly out of.

Of course after a bit one does find one's feet, and one can always turn to a complete stranger and say "How nice to see you again!" as one can count on getting separated before one is in really deep water. And then there is sure to be a little time taken up by young men looming out of the mist, a glass in each hand, and with enormous faces uncomfortably near one's own, altruistically horrified at one's not having a drink. But most of the evening is spent swaying in a crowd which on the Underground would imply letters to the Press, in an atmosphere that in a cinema would mean a protest to the manager.

Much the best way of keeping above water is to open and shut one's mouth all the time as if one was talking. No one notices this, and one loses that

feeling, forgotten since the ballroom, of having a blank space on one's programme.

Of course there are parties when one is lucky enough to be introduced to some dim bore, but even the relief of being anchored for a moment, which leads to a gushing start, fades a little by the time one has spent half an hour imprisoned by the crush in enforced and faltering intimacy.

I couldn't think why I had come.

But as I suddenly saw that my hostess had not only a plate of minute onions speared on to neat squares of cheese by straw-coloured sticks in one hand, but in the other a tin of those disgusting little Japanese biscuits, such a wave of nostalgia swept over me, such a vision of gold chairs, carnations, invitations on the mantelpiece, and newly-painted front doors, that I crammed several of the biscuits into my mouth. They were ambrosia.



## Science Marches On and On.

"SCIENCE, I always consider," said my Aunt Tabitha, gazing belligerently round, "is a wonderful thing." "A little inhuman, perhaps?" respectfully suggested her great-great-aunt Maud. "As I used to say to Sir Humphry Davy—"

"Nonsense!" Aunt Tabitha interrupted. "I suspect you of being a secret reader of the letters in *The Times*. You should search in your paper for the human side of science. Any day you may see, for instance, that a family of pianotuners have made their nest in a discarded pillar-box."

We were, by a coincidence, all seated round the microscope at the time, drinking our after-tea coffee. Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle came to the surface long enough to say "That's not science. That's sociology."

"Sociology is a science," said Aunt Tabitha, growing irritated. "A thing can be both science and sociology. Have you never read Garvin's *Origin of Specie*?"

"That's neither science nor sociology. That's politics and arithmetic. *Mankind and Political Arithmetic*, by Sir William Petty," persisted her thin uncle with a derisive hiccup.

"Sir William Petty my eye," said Aunt Tabitha. "What did he know of modern science? I doubt whether he could even pronounce it as a monosyllable in the Imperial manner. Nor, may—I mean Nay, more," she went on warmly, "what would his opinion be worth? Look at the lines on which science has developed—even though they are at the moment somewhat other than what they would have been except for Hitler (with whom the hell). Impossible to explain to Sir William Petty."

Aunt Tabitha's great-great-aunt Maud withdrew her gaze from the microscope and said reflectively "Somebody should have tried it. Me, I wouldn't have minded taking a crack."

"Foolish girl!" ejaculated Aunt Tabitha's eldest great-grandfather. "In those days, what did you know about it yourself, you, in the grip of your youthful craze for dog-biscuits? And for goodness' sake," he added testily, "don't sit there staring at that microscope. I don't like the look of it."

"I don't mind the look of it, but I hate the sight of it," said Aunt Tabitha, adroitly seizing the ball of conversation as it was tossed to somebody else. "But let us get back to our scientific talk. Ignorance," she went on severely, "is both widespread and regrettable. What, for instance, does anybody here know about the dynamics of a particle?"

"It isn't a particle," said her thin uncle instantly. "It's a wave. It's a ray."

"Nonsense!" cried Aunt Tabitha. "If absent, Absurd!"

"I have support for my view," her thin uncle maintained, and looking round and waving his coffee-spoon he beat time as a small chorus carefully selected from among those of us with nothing better to do intoned rhythmically "Hip, hip, hip—a ray!"

"The jeers and parrot-cries of an uninstructed majority," Aunt Tabitha began, "can have no effect—"

Her thin uncle suddenly hit the back of a few of his fingers a resounding smack. "Speaking of particles," he said in explanation, "I appear to have got a particle of some article underneath my cuticle."

"Your situation is obviously critical," observed one of the cousins, looking round for applause, but receiving only dirty looks.

Aunt Tabitha's youngest great-grandfather said "That reminds me. It is also, in its dubious way, what you

might call a coincidence. All the scientific men I have ever met in the course of a long—ah—life (if it can so be called) have presented an appearance far less scientific than nautical. Only yesterday I met a bacteriologist whom, if I had not known of his microscopical preoccupations, I should have taken for a sea-captain suffering from lack of sloop. Now—"

"Isn't it nearly time for dinner?" interrupted Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle, licking his lips. "I could eat a horse."

Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle looked at him sharply and said "If you really *mean* you could eat a house, which I doubt, I am quite sure Lord Woolton would not allow any single consumer more for one meal than roast roof and two vestibules."

"I said a horse, not a house," said her fat uncle sulkily.

"Out of the question," Aunt Tabitha interposed in a brisk tone. "The stables are closed. Besides, as scientifically-minded persons we shall dine on vitamin-tablets."

There was a general chorus of protest and she observed impatiently "These hungry generations get me down. Oh, very well. We will have our two-weeks' emergency food-ration as *hors d'œuvres*."

Unfortunately, however, it proved that the tins containing these had been sent to the salvage-dump with the food still in them.

R. M.

## Observation Post

THE people next door lead a negative life;  
A creature that *is* should have some kind of *is*-ness.  
I can't make a thing of the man or his wife,  
And the funny part is that it's none of my business.



"Don't look now, but you've just split an infinitive!"

## Ode On Oil

OIL!  
 Beneficent oil,  
 Mankind's most precious treasure in the soil!  
 Oil!  
 Disgusting oil,  
 Father of blood and sweat and tears and toil!  
 Oil, you have made this puny race  
 Masters of Time and Lords of Space,  
 Have opened vast horizons for the poor,  
 And brought the city to the cottage door,  
 Or rather (which is not so good)  
 The cottage door to Hollywood.  
 Oil, you have made the mountains and the seas  
 Mean less than barbed-wire fences mean to bees.  
 Oil, you have made the Empire one  
 As even blood could not have done.  
 Oil, you have scarred the country's face  
 With hideous roads and buildings base;  
 Oil, on the other hand,  
 You fill the fruitful land  
 With things to eat,  
 And taught the simple Russians  
 (After some hot discussions)  
 How to grow wheat.  
 Oil, the chief murderer, it's *you* we thank  
 For aeroplane and submarine and tank.  
 Oil, you destroyed the Pole,  
 The Dane, the Dutch, the Greek;  
 Oil, you support the tyrant sort  
 And trample on the weak.  
 I wish you, Oil, at the bottom of the sea—  
 Which, by the way, is where you used to be.

Odd, is it not?  
 This cosmic blot,  
 Petroleum  
 (To which is known  
 One rhyme alone—  
 Linoleum),  
 Prime source of feud and flame,  
 And all the ills I name,  
 Is not the drip  
 From some foul dragon's lip,  
 As one would think,  
 Nor does it flow  
 From witch-fires far below,  
 Where devils drink  
 Crude oil and ink—  
 No, no!  
 Quite a long time ago  
 There played about the surface of the sea  
 Unnumbered tribes of animalculæ,  
 And these, when dead,  
 (Well, those on whom the fishes did not feed)  
 Sank to the deep sea-bed  
 And mixed their bones  
 With sand and stones  
 And waterplant and weed.  
 The rivers, too,  
 Poured forth into the blue  
 Organic silt galore,  
 The things that romp  
 In stream and swamp,  
 Things that are grown  
 On each wet stone,

Starwort and snails,  
 And tadpoles' tails,  
 Beetles and crabs—  
 I dare say dabs—  
 Algae,  
 And waterflea,  
 And one or two more.

Layers of mud then hid the small remains,  
 Shingle and sand and rocks as big as trains;  
 Pressure was vast, and, as you've guessed, no doubt,  
 Carbon and hydrogen were soon about.  
 The sea-bed heaved—the mud was turned to shale  
 (Here I'm a little vague about the tale);  
 Another heave—the shale was thrust ashore,  
 The mining-engineer began to bore,  
 And, much to his surprise, good honest soul,  
 Saw crude petroleum gushing from the hole.

Petrol-e-um! It must have been a shock—  
 So soft a harvest from so firm a rock!  
 But that was nothing to the shock he got  
 When first he boiled a little in the pot.  
 I used to think that every kind of oil  
 Had each its own pet section of the soil—  
 Here petrol bubbled from a petrol-well,  
 There lubricating oil from heaven fell.  
 But now I know how much does Heat produce  
 From this one dirty and adhesive juice.  
 First the fine petrol creeps into its jar—  
 And off you go in your capacious car.  
 Next, paraffin emerges from the vat,  
 And you may light your little lamps with that.  
 Thirdly, I *think*, the Diesel oil we note,  
 With which you shift your motor-barge or boat.  
 Lastly (though I won't bet on this), we find  
 The lubricating—or the fuel—kind  
 With which you fit your tourer for a trip—  
 Or else you drive a darn great battleship.  
 And all these boons, remember—'tis my wish—  
 Proceed from little water-plants and fish.

If I am right—and who will say I'm wrong?—  
 Maybe this madness will not last for long.  
 Maybe the small sagacious fish will say  
 "There shall be no petroleum to-day."  
 Maybe once more enlightened Man will hail  
 The horse, the cart, the rickshaw and the sail;  
 And Hitler's lads, bereft of tank and plane,  
 Will have to use the bayonet again.

Methinks I see this writing on the sky:  
 "Those who by oil have lived by oil shall die."

A. P. H.

○ ○

"For nearly five weeks Colonel Novikov led his men through impenetrable thickets and impassable marshes, attacking and destroying the enemy."—*Glasgow Paper*.  
 The irresistible enemy.

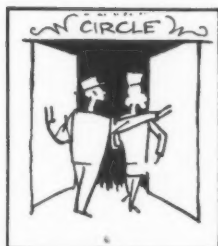
○ ○

"Large established farmer has an unusual opportunity to expand."—*Advt. in "The Times"*.  
 This is no time to boast.

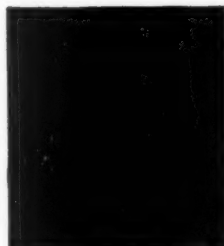
LET'S GO TO THE PICTURES.



"Here we are . . .



through this door . . .



and—look out, there's a step. . . .



Better keep perfectly still till we get . . .



accustomed to—look, there's a light! . . .



There it is—I think it wants our tickets. . . .



Now it's away again—wants us to follow it. . . .



Oh, I'm so sorry—I say, there's a body here . . .



and—oo, look out, there's a sheer precipice on our right! . . .



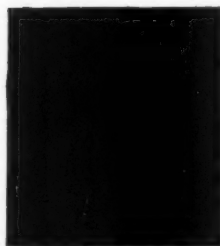
Now where's the light? Great Caesar, it's right below us—oops, steady!



Hullo, that's someone's hat—I seem to be in among a lot of people and feet and . . .



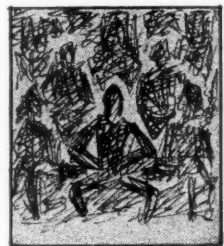
coats and umbrellas and—so sorry—faces . . .



and—ah, here we are: an empty seat . . .



and the darkness really does seem to be getting better. . . .



I shall soon be able to . . .



see where—Good Heavens, I'm among PERFECT STRANGERS!!!!"



*"Not much doubt who wears the coupons in THAT family!"*

### *Flies and the R.A.F.*

At a meeting of the Fly Inverted-Landing Committee held after dinner last night in the R.A.F. Mess, Prangmere, many witnesses gave their views on a topic of outstanding interest throughout the whole Royal Air Force to-day. I refer of course to that burning question—just how *does* a fly land on the ceiling.

Pilot-Officer Prune, opening the proceedings, said he was of the opinion the fly cruised along at the correct height below the ceiling and then did a half-loop, landing upwards at the top of the loop.

Squadron-Leader Undercart said that was all very well, but how did the fly judge his distance so as to avoid nose-diving into the ceiling a quarter way through the loop? Presumably he wasn't fitted with an altimeter that worked inversely from the ceiling downwards instead of from the ground up. He personally took a poor view of Prune's theory.

Flying-Officer Talespin said he didn't get that half-loop idea either, though for exactly the opposite reason. Surely, as soon as the fly lost flying speed sufficiently to effect a good three-pointer ceiling landing he would stall in an upside-down position, go into an inverted nose-dive, and have to pull

out of it by completing the loop and, so to speak, going round again. The same thing would probably happen several times before he hit it off at last, which would mean that the majority of flies—especially the inexperienced ones who had only just joined the squadron from their O.T.U., would be making a series of vertical circuits before getting a "bump," a thing he had never seen yet—and please God never would! He here stopped for lack of breath.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said let them fight it out between themselves, he personally was ordering a beer.

Pilot-Officer Nosedye said that any sort of landing made at the top of a loop meant that the fly landed facing in the opposite way to his direction of flight, which must be very confusing to the ceiling-staff, though very useful if the fly found he was overshooting on coming in.

Flying-Officer Flaps said he too thought the loop theory was just sheer bull. The normal act of landing was really stalling, and you couldn't stall upwards! It'd be much the same sort of thing as having your aircraft drop up to stratosphere just as you were going to touch down—like that, see!

What *he* thought the fly really did was to come in close up—like *that*!—do a half slow roll—like *that*!—and there he was, going gently along still in the direction of flight—like *THAT*! Sorry!

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said he wished Flying-Officer Flaps would keep his hands under control; now he'd have to order more beer.

Pilot-Officer Aircscrew said perhaps the tougher fighter-flies, with many hours' operational flying behind them, had some wizard landing-dodge of their own—especially with those sticky feet, which had the most powerful brakes beat to a frazzle. He suggested that they might zoom right up to the ceiling, suddenly put a leg up and come round and up, all standing.

Pilot-Officer Nosedye said the strain on the fly's undercarriage if he did that must be terrific, it would certainly be against fly flying regulations.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said the very idea made him feel faint, and he was ordering some beer.

Squadron-Leader Undercart said a fly didn't have one undercarriage only, he had six.

Pilot-Officer Rudder said Surely eight.

Squadron-Leader Undercart said Nuts, six.

There was then a temporary lull in the discussion while Pilot-Officer Rudder and Squadron-Leader Undercart each proceeded to try to bring down a fly and prove the other wrong. No victory, however, could be confirmed, though several combats took place, in one of which Squadron-Leader Undercart claimed a "probable," the fly attacked being last seen, he stated, heading for home with black smoke coming from its port wing.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said that if they'd *quite* finished upsetting his beer, he'd order some . . .

Flying-Officer Talespin, interrupting, said how about the fly turning on its back and flying upside-down when nearing the ceiling level, if they saw what he meant.

Flying-Officer Flaps said something rude about upside-down, Flying Officer Talespin, what he meant, and flies in general.

Flying-Officer Talespin disagreed . . .

Wing-Commander Blower said Now, boys, chuck it and anyway if one wanted to get the real gen on the fly-landing business they ought to get up close to the landing-ground and watch.

There was then another lull in the discussion, while Squadron-Leader Undercart, two Flying-Officers and





three Pilot-Officers formed a pyramid to enable Pilot-Officer Prune at the top to examine the flying-ground situation and report. Wing-Commander Blower turned on the cornice lights to give the flies a proper flare-path, and said they should be warned that an electric-light pendant barrage was flying in the centre of the ceiling. He was still looking round for a torch as an angle-of-glide indicator when Squadron-Leader Undercart, who was the base of the pyramid, suddenly got tired. The object of the exercise was thus not achieved.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute asked heatedly which of them it was that had upset his beer this time; now he'd have to order some more.

Group-Captain Boost, taking part in the discussion for the first time, said no one was ordering more beer, it was late enough as it was, and Lyne-Shute was to take off for his quarters at once, to be followed by the others at three seconds' intervals, or else . . .

Thereupon the meeting broke up and the Mess emptied in half a minute.

The flies continued to alight on the ceiling in their own inscrutable fashion.

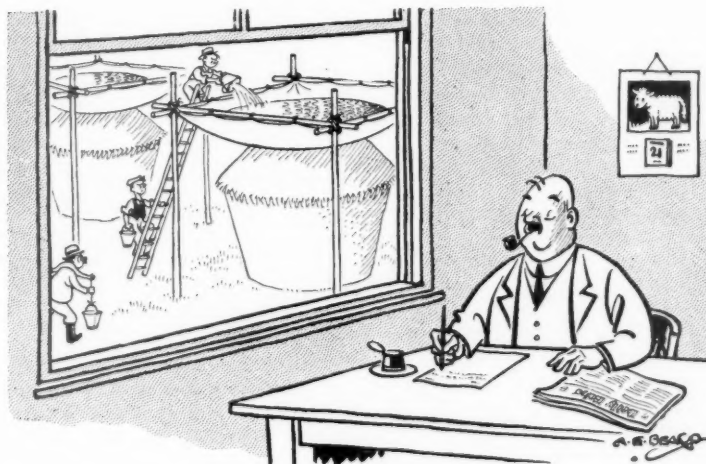
A. A.

And very fine they are. The Lady's pique and petulance could not for long have been proof against the persuasive tones of the cornet playing "I Hear You Calling Me" in the Green Park one Sunday (accompanied to perfection by Lieutenant RHODES and the Band of the Scots Guards), and she must have been stirred by the pomp and pageantry of SOUSA's "King Cotton March" played with dash and verve by Lieutenant WILLCOCKS and the Irish Guards Band in Hyde Park the same evening. Lieutenant WILLCOCKS directs his band as if it were a mettlesome charger, and the band responds to every demand made upon it as would the finest steed. One would have

thought it impossible to play the *Semiramide Overture* at the pace he exacts from his musicians, but they stayed the course to a breathless finish and it was all very exciting.

Among the many other bands now charming London's battered casements there are some distinguished guests. Hearing one day the strains of music floating down the Strand, your listener got off the bus at Trafalgar Square and found that the Band of the Royal Dutch Army was installed on the roof of the air-raid shelter playing to a large and appreciative audience of office-workers and soldiers, sailors and airmen of all nationalities, not to mention a gang of small boys on one of the lions. She stayed long enough to hear a waltz medley (the austere style in which it was played was curiously attractive) and a rather lugubrious *Lustspiel* ("Gee, fancy being married to that man! I'd explode!" intolantly remarked an American visitor, to be gently reproved by a postman: "He's a fine conductor. Fine band too. It's just that foreign music"), and to marvel at the eel-like sinuosity of the corporal whose job it was to prevent the music from blowing away, and who wriggled about the dense forest of music-stands without upsetting a single one.

It is surprising that the military band gets so little recognition, for every one of the members of a first-class band is a soloist of no mean order, and the standard of performance is as high as that of any symphony orchestra.



## Music in London

COME, LISTEN TO THE BAND.

IF the Lady from Banbury Cross came jingling to London she would feel that her nose was rather sadly out of joint. Her silvery bells would hardly be heard from Greenwich Park to Parliament Hill, or from Wandsworth Common to Tooting; for the bands have come to Town.

"... and if every other farmer in the country would take this simple precaution against incendiaries . . ."

### WITH THE EIGHT O'CLOCK NEWS!

"**E**NEMY activity over this country last night was ——. Damage was done to a town in —— of England. There were a number of houses destroyed. Civilian casualties were ——"

For each and every occasion we try to be prepared to supply the needs of those new victims of enemy aggression; some lose all they possess and need all we are able to give them, and in the meantime hospitals and the fighting forces are eager for the support the PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND brings to them.

Will you please help to supply the most urgent needs? If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



### Overture for Beginners

**O**H, mourn for those who had songs to sing  
And have sung their songs to sleep;  
For the muted reed and silent string,  
For the muffled keyboard, weep;

For the poet, whose shadowy half-dreamed rhymes  
Before they were born had died;  
Oh, grieve for the crimson lakes and the limes,  
And the brushes laid aside.

Theirs now the music of great machines,  
The ballad of steel upon steel;

Theirs the poetry of submarines,  
The art of the turning wheel.

Beauty they seek in the cannon's roar,  
Truth in the barrack square,  
Grace in the steel-grey birds that soar,  
Joy in the falling flare.

Pause to remember them now and then,  
The workers at home and abroad,

Who fight in the faith that the brush and the pen  
Are mightier than the sword. V. G.



L'HOMME ENCHAÎNÉ



## Molesworth: Man or Beast?

Contains: Diary of mothers, bording houses, parots, tough boys and weedy peoply.

*August 2.* Sumer hols cheers cheers we leave with mum for seaside. Arrive at tough bording house called mon repos (french) chiz as it is full of old lades including mrs furbelow (prop) and many canares which are not tough and sing weedily. mrs furbelow look askance at parot which come with us and sa he will be EXTRA including boots baths lights and best sauce yum yum also molesworth 2. Mum sa gosh what a face but mrs furbelow hear and mum pretend she speaking of me chiz.

*August 3.* Very tough bed so wake early. Healthy healthy take deep breaths and whole house tremble 3 old lades leave beds and zoom for air-rade shelter hem hem i don't think. Dash on beach but sea is ten miles out. Cheers as jolly freezing. Also no destroyers or battleships only saucy sue. Read wizard book tarzan of the apes. Determin to be tough leap on piano and beat chest. Unfortunately mrs baxter (old lade) come in and afterwards eye me closely chiz.

*August 4.* mrs baxter ask mum if i quite as i should be. Mum sa obviously no. chiz.

*August 7.* Tough solders guard beach. molesworth 2 is a silly ass he stroll up to gun and sa bet it doesn't fire. He sa it is an old grid and no more use than a nanny gote. Tough solder who is an old gentleman and haf red tabs sa indeed and molesworth 2 sa my father is head of army he captain molesworth. Old gentleman sa he will rember name he is only a genral. Tell mum who do not seem pleased. Slide down bannisters with tough jungle crys.

*August 8.* Now i am EXTRA to chiz.

*August 10.* molesworth 2 is weedy he buy 2 windmills and zoom about with parot. He sa he twin engine fighter and parot is rear guner. Dive bomb mrs baxters bath chair and parot fall off scoring near miss on parrasoll. molesworth 2 sa bath chair is unlikely to have reached home. Walk along front and meet DEAF MASTER gosh chiz you can never get away from skoolmasters. He visibly shaken to see me but invite me to tea with his old mother adress sea breezes chiz chiz chiz.

*August 11.* Tough tea with deaf master and deaf masters mother who is very ancient. She call him Cecil (n.b. must tell Peason) and give me rock cakes baked with her own hands. She sa Cecil was a lovely baby and when he was 5 he strike nurse gosh tough. Silence try to eat rock cake crackle crackle bits fly in all directions gigantic raisin narrowly miss dresden sheppherdess. Place rock cake in pocket it will do as a bomb. Deaf master show me buterfly colection weedy unfortunately take out hankerchief (nose) and rock cake fly out badly damaging flterlery.

*August 12.* Gun still in same place but still as weedy as all solders pla foopball insted of fighting.

*August 14.* Wist Drive at bording house and all old lades very excited they pute on weedy dresses and sa feeble things e.g. clubs are, mrs furbelow. molesworth 2 pla he sa it is pappy and do tough trumping of partners ace. He sa he trumped trillions of aces in his time he is a swank. Mum is absolutely feeble she haf always to move to the left and mrs baxter swank she haf 53. Mum get booby prize (penny stamp in hat box ha ha) then sa Phew and take stiff drink out of toothmug in bedroom.

*August 15.* Rain and haf to stay indoors chiz. Fat lade miss boothroyd actually read us weedy poem worse than gran's chatterbox e.g. there are faires at the bottom of our garden and rabbits stand about and hold the lights. molesworth 2 sa there is a dirty old rubish heap at the

bottom of his and miss boothroyd severely browns him off. Alone practice tarzan waddle like goriller and bite cushion with fiendish cries. In middle see mrs baxter looking at me chiz she seem somewhat apprerhensive and grasp parrasoll tightly. Parot (rude bird) sa wot you doing sattiday ma and assault all canares. Parot is tough.

*August 16.* Desine wizard yot with sails from bit of garden seat. At model boat pool it turn over and boy cyril who haf moter boat sneer in konsequence. Challenge him to race and molesworth 2 pute in his toy monkey spinach also monkys son as tough crew. Grate tragerdy bote and monkeys sink also cyril who overbalance in excitement so snubs. Meet deaf master in blazer and white flannels gosh posh. He is with young lade sylvia shriveham soobrette of peerots actually you know the one who sings weedy songs viz just a song at twilight and no one clap. Walk along prom with them but deaf master do not seem keen on my company.

*August 17.* molesworth 2 and me are norty e.g. sa boo to mrs baxter. Mum sa she will send us to deaf master for punishment next time. Gosh tough threat. Good deed we take mrs baxter for airing in bath chair that is i push and molesworth 2 ride in front. Unfortunately wizard spitfire pass and i let go handlebars. Bath chair zoom down slope 240 m.p.h. dogs bark policemen faint bath chair sweep across sands with grate destruction. Moan drone find bath chair stationery in sand castle. molesworth 2 sa absolutely wizard and mrs baxter also enthusiastick she always was one for spills and tumbles. Jolly sporting but do not want another go.

*August 18.* Grate activity round gun. Solders move gun up and down then round and round. Genral highly satisfied and solders all go to sleep they are exorsted.

*August 20.* Hols end chiz and mum pack trunks. All spades bukets and windmills dispear chiz and we shake sand out of shoes. Canares sing sad songs and parot weep. mrs baxter zoom up in bath chair and give us fruit pastille not bad akktually also deaf master on moter bike. He sa he haf decarbonized bike and she rune smooth as a bird. molesworth 2 sa i don't think and deaf master start bike. Record exploshon mrs baxter shoot into air and all solders wake and rush to gun. BOMK they fire toughly and mrs furbelows greenhouse colapse cheers cheers cheers. Boo to jeraniums and zinnerareas.

the end.

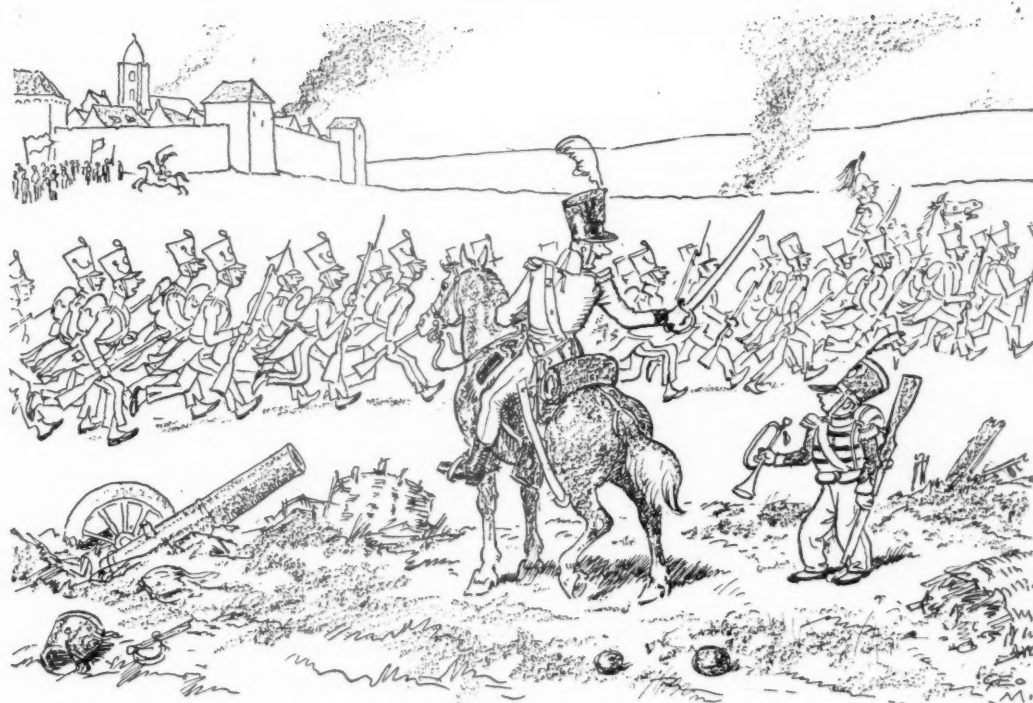
o o

## Seadogship

A GOOD many R.N.V.R. jokes'll Be based on the fallacy that landlubbers can't pronounce *forecastle*.

A lot of us can even say *leeward*, Having picked it up from some old salt of a steward. *Boatswain* is easy, and similar words by tons'll Occur to you. I mean, look at *studdingsail*. But where we lubbers are apt to lub and make a mistake'll Be over a block and *tackle*. No tar, not a single man-Jack'll Get over our saying *tackle*.





"Really, Trumpeter, that's the fourth time you've confused the 'Charge' with 'Come to the Cookhouse Door.'"

## A Home from Home

I HAVE always been a person of simple tastes. Anyone who knows Reuben Baldbrush as I do will tell you the same. Not for me are the pleasures of costly banquets, of rare silks, and perfumes of frankincense and myrrh; some lonely cottage interior, with the kettle boiling on the hob and the single meat-pie dominating the rough-hewn board, has been enough for me. Homeliness first and foremost has always been my watchword.

You can imagine my feelings when some months ago I received a notice calling me up for service in the Army. Do not mistake me. I had heard rumours, even in the remote Doomshire village where I lived, that there was a war on. No man was more anxious than I to do my duty. Yet I wished I could serve my country in a more homely manner. I greatly feared that there was practically no homeliness in the Army. I felt sure that sofas

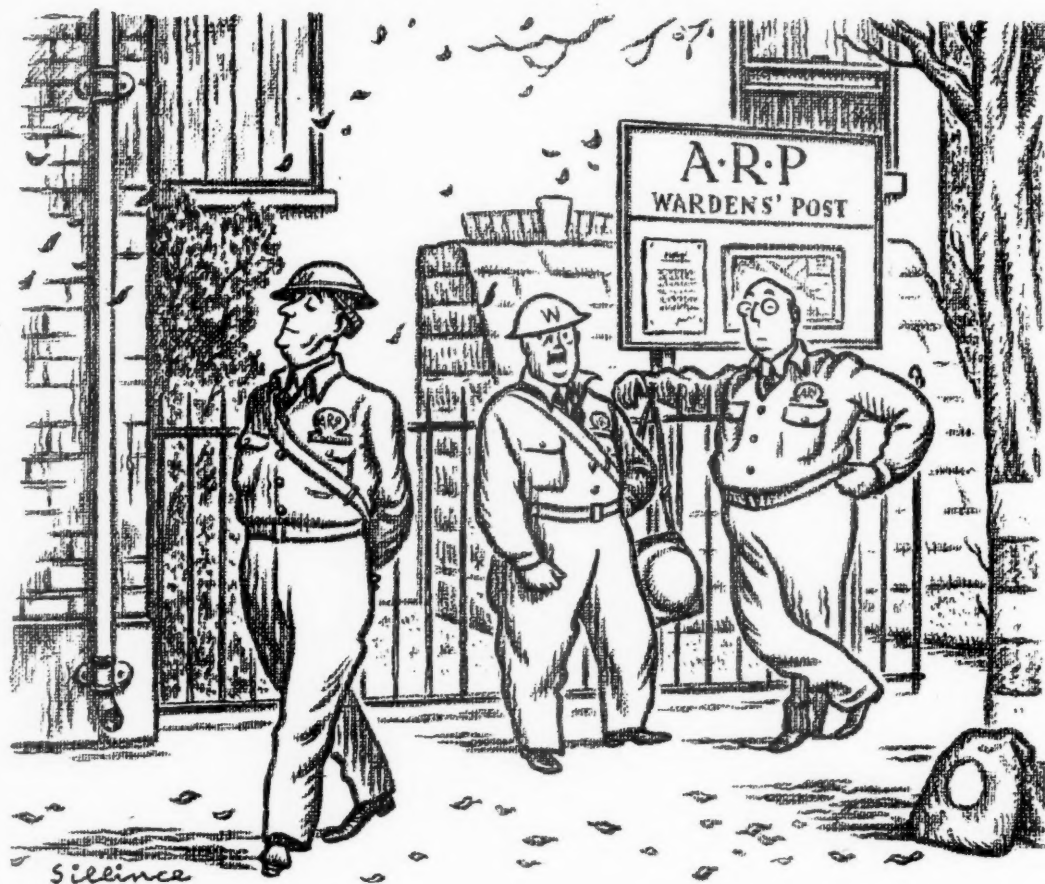
with antimacassars, and old-fashioned kitchen ranges with clothes-horses steaming in front of them would be at a discount. And so it proved.

In the bare draughty barrack-room at Frabbingham Barracks I was like a fish out of water. My comrades were cheerful and well-meaning, but that could not compensate for their incessant playing of the Forces Programme on the wireless. I thought with longing of my old-fashioned gramophone at home, with its huge brass horn, and of my one record, "Abide With Me," sung by Dame Clara Butt. When I suggested that I should send for it my comrades looked askance. It was obvious that they did not understand.

As time passed I did send for one or two little comforts from home—my old brown teapot with the great purple tea-cosy which had been made by Aunt Emmeline, my dominoes and one

or two ferns in brass pots. My comrades laughed at me, on the whole good-naturedly, though one or two of the rougher customers would occasionally swear when they tripped over my ferns in the dark and fell headlong into the fire.

One of my chief difficulties was the weekly room-inspection by the Colonel. Naturally I had to conceal my treasures on these occasions, and as they accumulated I was hard put to it to find a hiding-place. While I only had a few china vases and a toasting-fork or two it was an easy matter to hide them in my locker on Saturday mornings. But after a few months my corner of the barrack-room had assumed a distinctly homely appearance. It was, if I may coin a phrase, a home from home. There was a grandfather clock in the corner and a couple of willow-pattern plates over my bed; there was a horse-hair sofa



*"It's gone to old Brown's head a little—catching the first chink of the season."*

against one wall and a clothes-horse by the fireplace. To stuff all these things into my locker on Saturday mornings was of course impossible. Eventually I discovered a large empty cupboard in a far corner of the barracks, and every Saturday morning I might have been seen hurrying thither carrying now a brass coal-scuttle, now a poker-work text.

I was grieved to find that my comrades were adopting a hostile attitude towards me. They obviously thought I was a nuisance. But I stood firm. I put the whole thing before them in a manly fashion. I would not, I declared, give up my comforts. If they did not like it they knew what to do.

They did. Next day they all moved in a body to a distant barrack-room, and I saw them no more, except very occasionally when I had to go on parade. You may be sure that I

acknowledged them only with a cool nod.

Before long I had transformed my barrack-room into a homely cottage-interior. There were paintings of Dartmoor on the walls, a musical-box, even a rusty old harmonium. Only one thing was lacking—the human touch. Eventually I discovered that one of the sergeants' aunts was strikingly like my Aunt Emmeline. It was an easy matter to persuade her to sit in my rocking-chair by the fire of an evening, reading a book on herbs or arranging shirts on the clothes-horse. I did find at first that she was inclined to resent being bundled unceremoniously into a cupboard every Saturday morning. But she soon came to see reason. In any case, Saturday morning inspections soon ceased as far as I was concerned. I suppose, finding that I never appeared on parade, the Army had written me off as dead.

In this idyllic state I lived for several months. My happiest times perhaps were the evenings, when I would sit on one side of the fire playing my Uncle Edgar's old flute, which, having a crack in it, made no sound whatever, while the sergeant's aunt rocked to and fro with a chocolate macaroon of her own baking in her hand. It seemed almost too good to be true.

And, as usual, Fate had several hammer-blows up its sleeve. One evening, while we sat playing snakes-and-ladders, the door suddenly burst open. The Company-Sergeant-Major stood on the threshold. He was a large man with beetling brows and a waxed moustache which seemed to jut from a face of cast-iron. For a moment he paused, while I sat petrified with fear. Then a miracle happened. A smile slowly dawned on that metallic face and seemed to play gently over its craggy knobs and bosses.

"A home from home," he breathed in a low tone, as he came slowly forward and sat down on the sofa. I offered him a lemon-curd tart, and he did not refuse it. He seemed lost in wonder and happiness. As the stroke of ten boomed from the grandfather clock, the three of us—the Company-Sergeant-Major, the sergeant's aunt and myself—sat round the fire playing three-handed snakes-and-ladders.

Such was the beginning of a singularly happy family circle. The C.S.M. gradually took to spending more and more of his time with us. In the end, as he never appeared on parade, he too, I think, was forgotten. To the Army he was dead.

Incidentally he proved to be extremely good at snakes-and-ladders.

Only one fear marred my happiness. Sooner or later, we knew, we should be discovered. As the C.S.M. frequently pointed out, our position was irregular. Sooner or later some military man to whom homeliness meant nothing would sweep our family circle to the winds.

At last the long-expected blow fell. One morning the door opened. Major-General Sir Everard Trench-Noggs,

G.O.C. East-Western Command, stood on the threshold. We held our breath. But we need not have worried.

A smile spread slowly over the General's adamantine features. With "a low murmur of contentment he helped himself to a jam tart and made himself comfortable in the best arm-chair. Among the thoughts that thronged my brain, one was uppermost. Henceforth we should be able to play four-handed snakes-and-ladders.

### Meditation

**T**WAS a sovereign purse. It lay  
With some bargains in a tray;  
It had had its little day  
And had sunk  
From a prime when it would hold  
Quite a lordly sum in gold  
To be classified as old-  
fashioned junk.

And, as rooted to that place,  
I remained and mused a space  
From the dignity and grace  
Of the Quid

To a Five Pound Piece which I  
Had possessed in days gone by;  
You may hazard that I lie,  
But I did.

What a Property was that!  
What a joy to gaze thereat!  
It was great and broad and fat;  
Such a coin  
As if unacquired by gift  
Or the exercise of thrift  
One, if driven to that shift,  
Might purloin.

I had hoped, if one there were,  
To bequeath it to the care  
Of my future son and heir,  
An event  
Which was fated not to be,  
For a great need came on me  
Of a fiver for a spree,  
And it went.

But 'twere idle to repine,  
And the youngest of my line  
Is betraying every sign  
Of a soul  
That would scorn so high a Trust  
And expend it on a bust,  
So I'm glad I got in fust  
On the whole. DUM-DUM.



"What can you expect with all this hay bargin' about the river?"

## At the Play

### "HENRY V" (REGENT'S PARK)

*Henry V* was written as a crowd-play—without a crowd. SHAKESPEARE was honestly explicit about that, sending on his very candid Chorus (nicely presented now by Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON) to announce that all the management could run to for a mimic Agincourt was

*"Four or five most vile and  
ragged foils  
Right ill-disposed in brawl  
ridiculous."*

Were those lines, with four abusive adjectives in a single couplet, ever allowed by the first management to be spoken? Could the public be thus informed of the show's inadequacy and the director's incompetence? I surmise that SHAKESPEARE wrote the passage in the usual pique of a dramatist who thinks his manager a stingy dolt and the performance likely to be an outrage on a work of genius. It lingered in the text, but was it ever delivered to the audience as a horrid warning against Burbage and his ways?

This piece, naturally and ironically, turns up in time of war, when the more topical its message, the more difficult does it become to present. Because of the war, actors, like other good things, are scarce, and Mr. ROBERT ATKINS, bravely facing wind, weather and all the war-time problems of supply and personnel in Regent's Park, can hardly boast even a quartet of foils, ragged or otherwise. Now, more than in SHAKESPEARE's day, we must make the mind's eye do the work and assume invisible armies, or ourselves become their deputies. When *King Henry* invites his soldiers to re-enter that all too familiar breach, it is the audience whom he summons. On the first afternoon the public, having so far adventured as to attend an open air performance in August 1941, evidently deemed that risk sufficient. They followed the argument, but peacefully ignored the clamorous request to assault, either panzerly or pincerly, the bosky stage.

The numbers might not be in the cast, but the great and glorious noise rang out. Mr. PATRICK KINSELLA was rather jerky and staccato and only every centimetre a king in some early scenes, but he eased as he got further into France and fracas and began to roll out the rhetoric as *Pistol* and his

gang the barrel. But his prose passages were his best; I fancy his performance will ripen in the sun.

*Henry V* has, along with its martial relevance, some topical touches. The *King*, when courting *French Kate*, calls her his flower-de-luce, which now strikes one as a nicely prophetic welcome to Miss CLAIRE LUCE, a charming exponent of that less than exciting part. Again the *Constable of France* could speak feelingly for actors too often drenched in the first weeks of the Regent's Park season. Of the English weather he observes

*"Is not their climate foggy,  
raw, and dull  
On whom, as in despite,  
the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with  
frowns?"*

Owners of even a single plum-tree may this year be expected moodily to grunt assent to this indictment.

Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE was confronted with a task which has defeated many good men, namely that of proving *Pistol* in this play to be amusing. *Fluellen* is an enduring character, and Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA gave point to the fussy little captain's blend of

pedantry and passion. Mr. THORNDIKE, roaring and rubious, did as well as might be with the Ancient and made a good thing of his leek-swallowing act. But it is never the actor's fault if something goes wrong with the funny stuff in this play: much of it is like damp wood which even *Bardolph's* nose cannot ignite.

Altogether, Mr. ATKINS has made a brave attempt to put out to grass in the simplest manner a drama which calls for Old Drury itself, much tonnage and poundage of canvas and ironware, and a hundred supers and a' and a'. That reminds one of Mr. IVOR NOVELLO's striking production and performance of *Henry V* in the grand manner at the Lane in 1938. Munich overwhelmed it, and its copious glories can hardly, alas! be reassembled now. So to the Park instead, whose verdant cock-pit makes bold pretence to be anything from a free-booting Eastcheap to Occupied France. And may it keep fine for the outing! I. B.



FREE FRANCE ALLIES HERSELF WITH BRITAIN.

Katherine. . . . . Miss CLAIRE LUCE  
King Henry. . . . . Mr. PATRICK KINSELLA



"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows."

Pistol. . . . . Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE



## Tea

"I WONDER," said Sapper Simpson, "if Lieutenant Vague has remembered to order the Y.M. van for to-morrow?"

The Y.M. van, of course, is the Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen, which is as well-known to every soldier as the face of his own corporal. It always appears at the moment when he is feeling that unless something happens he will really begin to dislike the Army. He feels that if ever he happened to be on guard at the top of Greenland's icy mountains the Y.M. van would arrive just as he was on the point of turning into a block of solid ice. Whereas if he were on India's coral strand, looking out for enemy raiders, the Y.M. van would appear just as he was about to melt out of recognition. And if the Y.M. van should fail, through another engagement, then Ann's van, or the Catholic Women's van, or the N.A.A.F.I. van, or some other van would appear.

"I hope he has," I said, "but he is rather preoccupied about the affair of Tyson's feet. He may have forgotten. And that job out on the mountains would be quite insupportable without the Y.M. van."

"I hope so," said Corporal Davis, "but he forgets almost everything nowadays, what with brooding over Sapper Tyson's feet, and one thing and another. After all, Sapper Tyson is the only man in the Company who can play the cornet, and what is to happen to our dance band if he is re-graded to C.3 because of his feet?"

Sergeant Boothby's answer was more succinct. He merely remarked that it would be a good idea if sappers would occasionally remember that they were sappers, and not the O.C., and try minding their own business.

In the end I tried to ring up the Y.M. myself, but I couldn't get any reply, so I got through to Nan, and asked her if her van was free next day.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," I said, "but I fear our officer may have forgotten to tell you that there will be ten very thirsty men up on Gillie's Craig in the morning."

She said that she had had no message, but that she would be there. As it happened, she and her van had no engagement.

It gave me quite a thrill of pride when Nan's van turned up next morning at 11.30, but Simpson looked upset.

"This is a pity," he said, "Lieutenant Vague must have remembered it after



*"Look what you've made me do, Sir, with all your talk about a big Autumn Push!"*

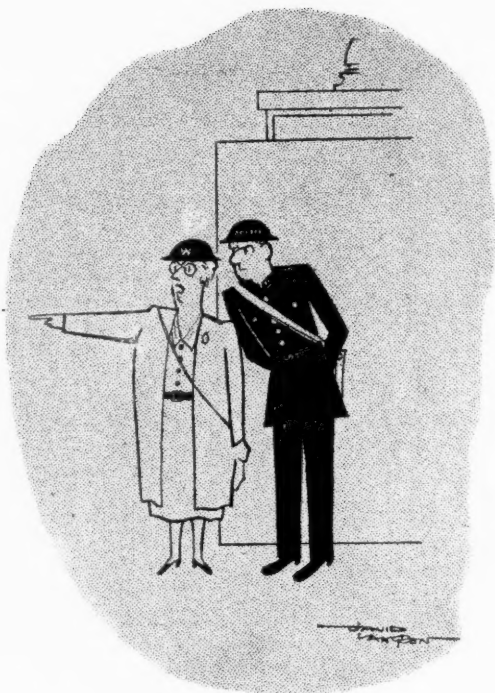
all. I personally ordered the Catholic Women for noon."

The Catholic Women turned up on time. At 12.15 we had the Y.M.C.A. (Lieutenant Vague), at 12.25 Dorothy's van (Corporal Davis), and the N.A.A.F.I. van (Sergeant Boothby), arrived together.

We drank tea, as seemed only courteous, from all of them. As the last van drove away Simpson said that he wasn't sure, after all, whether he was really so fond of tea as he had thought he was.

At that moment Lieutenant Vague came up and said that he hoped we didn't mind him mentioning it, but there was a war on, and though of course drinking tea was useful training, there were one or two other items to which he would like to call our attention if we had quite finished.

It was really very hard luck that the Colonel should drive up at that moment with a hay-box full of tea and a broad man-to-man sort of smile.



"Right there, in the distance. First a green, then an amber, then a red signal, and they keep on flashing one or two at a time."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Out of Their Own Mouths

COMPILED by two distinguished authors belonging to a friendly nation—they have wisely adopted pseudonyms—*Thus Spake Germany* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) is as complete an anthology of German thought as we have yet seen. You may trace in it, as Lord VANSITTART says in the Foreword, an admirable piece of sustained invective, the development of the German war-mind from its methodical beginnings to its wilful return to barbarism. It is a well into which the reader can dip constantly with the certainty of picking up pearls. The rarest, perhaps, are to be found in Chapter Three, dealing with the German View of Other Races. But Messrs. W. W. COOLE and M. F. POTTER (as they call themselves) have done their work very thoroughly. From FREDERICK THE GREAT and HEGEL down to Dr. GOEBBELS and Pastor J. RUMP they have culled flowers of speech, proving that the Nazi doctrine is nothing new, that princes, professors and pastors down the ages have expressed identical views on the excellence of war and its right conduct, on religion, on the nobility of the German race and the despicable inferiority of others. ADOLF HITLER, in short, is no more than the heir to a long legacy of grandiose and bloodthirsty ideas handed down from previous generations—the creature, not the creator, of a German nationalism which "justifies every bestiality, every act of bad faith, so long as it promises to increase the power of

the German State." So wrote Mr. E. L. WOODWARD last year in one of the Oxford Pamphlets, and this book of some four hundred pages amply proves his words. It is an excellent volume, well worth keeping and re-reading from time to time—especially when there is any talk of a "negotiated peace."

#### Beauty for Ashes

A few years ago such a prospect of ruined beauty as that which provides the cover design for Mr. JAMES POPE-HENNESSY's *History Under Fire* (BATSFORD, 8/6) might well have illustrated some fantastic peep into a remote future in which that familiar literary abstraction, MACAULAY's New Zealander, played a part. That abstraction has become a very solid reality during the past twelve months; just as COWPER's lines on the eighteenth-century disturbance of MILTON's grave have acquired an aptness of which assuredly the poet never dreamed when he wrote:

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones  
Where Milton's ashes lay."

Mr. CECIL BEATON's unique series of photographs, with their tragic and poignant beauty—the fallen heads of cherubs and angels with their dumb accusing faces, the tumbled stones, the charred carvings, the mutilated monuments—together with Mr. POPE-HENNESSY's commentary, an indictment the more impressive by reason of its studied restraint, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the devastation wrought in London, as elsewhere, is no mere accident of war, but part of a deliberate and cold-blooded attack on national treasures and national traditions. But they suggest also that out of all this havoc may conceivably spring a keener consciousness of the treasures of the past, so long largely taken as a matter of course, which have escaped the fury of the Hun.



### American Kaleidoscope

When SCOTT averred that the plot of an historical novel existed mainly to bring in all the entertaining things that happened to occur to the author, he outlined the policy which has apparently guided Mr. JOHN JENNINGS through ten crucial years of North and South American history. *Call the New World* (HAMILTON, 9/6) relates the exploits of one *Peter Brooke*, who, cashiered through no fault of his own from the American Army of 1814, loses a somewhat acidulated sweetheart and redresses the balance by taking on a Spanish wife and a Venezuelan commission. The wife having played him false, he sees service in the United Provinces, crosses the Andes into Peru, acquires a mistress and a family in Santiago, and winds up with other campaigns in Ecuador and Chile before a somewhat condescending union with his original charmer is made possible by an obliging earthquake. The historical ground traversed has been well documented of late; but those who prefer to trace the antecedents of half a dozen American republics and the establishment of the Monroe Doctrine in the guise of romance might do worse than follow the adventures of *ex-Lieutenant-Peter Brooke*, formerly of LAVAL's Light Dragoons, Washington.



"WHAT YE DOING THERE, JARGE?"  
"OH, I BE JEST HIDING THIS NOTICE. YE SEE, IF THEY GERMANS  
EVER DO LAND, I DOANT WANT 'EM TER MISS ANYTHING."

Peter Fraser, September 1st, 1915

### Petals from the White Rose

Jacobite devotion—its exultations, its agonies, its humours, its aberrations—renders Miss HENRIETTA TAYLER's latest gleanings from the Windsor Castle papers as memorable a volume as its delightful predecessors. It portrays an exiled king living in Rome on a papal pension and having to share that pension with followers who would otherwise be forced to "lombard their clothes for bread." In efforts to escape the pawn-shop the heroes of *Jacobite Epilogue* (NELSON, 15/-) tried free-lance soldiering, they tried market-gardening. But JAMES THE THIRD AND EIGHTH invariably handed out what cash he could, plus a consolatory quota of knighthoods and baronetcies. Comparatively few of these English, Scots and Irish exiles lived in Rome. Some were "clap'd up in Newgate," some relieved by nuns at Rouen, one shot ducks on the Oder and died comfortably at Potsdam, one escaped his keeper at Dijon, five hundred pined at Avignon; and one home-sick stalwart at least would gladly have "quit his grapes for blaberries." The best of an enchanting series is the life and letters of CHARLES WOGAN, and these are so good that one wishes Miss TAYLER would give CLEMENTINA's amusing knight-errant her next volume to himself.

### How Blest are Shepherds . . .

A fairly just line of demarcation could, one feels, be drawn between the true country-lovers and the sham by dividing them into those who have been known to acclaim a shower as "a nice rain" and those to whom it is merely "beastly weather." Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM has been for so long the spokesman of the former class that one takes his knowledgeable descriptions of the seasons for granted; but

he has seldom written anything better than the account of a great frost with which *The Fall of the Year* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 6/-) closes. For the rest, the book is a companion-piece to *The Sweet of the Year*, chronicling the rustic joys and sorrows of July to December. We meet a handful of old friends and some new: among the latter that staunch old-age pensioner "LORD WILLIAM," ancient freeholder of a squatter's hovel. There are even more country crafts than usual, including an admirable account of "rushing" and three pages of genuine cottage recipes for home-brewed wines.

### Tangled Web

Miss ELIZABETH FERRARS' new novel, *Death in Botanist's Bay* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/3), contains such a very baffling mystery that one can risk quoting the summing-up of one of the investigators: "Twasn't a suicide faked to look like a murder faked to look like a suicide; it was a murder faked to look like a suicide faked to look like a murder faked to look like a suicide. . . ." Even if that hint should help brighter readers to discover what caused the death of a most unpleasant scientist, who was found shot in his herbarium the morning after he had tried to commit suicide, they must still account for the secretary's death. To help and hinder them in their dizzying job they have a quack doctor, some foreign "pods," two most unconventional sleuths and a police inspector who produces his infant daughter's photograph when awkward questions are asked. It is a clever book, but a bit too confusing.



## News from Iceland

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER (or MOMMA),—As you see, there is already a transatlantic touch in the air. West and East are meeting. Hollywood is coming true. Our sister democracy is on the march. In short, there are such people as U.S. Marines and they have arrived here. Are we thrilled or are we thrilled?

I have always had a fondness for the U.S. Marines, ever since those early days at the cinema, before heroes were always test-pilots or newspaper reporters. In those days it was impossible to keep the Marines out of Nicaragua or Puerto Rico, or indeed out of any country where the only visible inhabitants were greasy-haired venomous-looking rebels, invariably possessing the worst of passions when they looked at the beautiful and well-dressed heroine. In would go the Marines, hacking their way for days through dense undergrowth, shot at by poisoned arrows, imported machine-guns and, in the last reel, by the villain's automatic. And out would come the heroine, still beautiful and well-dressed, very sensibly engaged to a Marine who would obviously help her out of that kind of frolic for the rest of her life.

Well, the Marines are going to miss all that here. There is no impenetrable jungle, it is very difficult to find even one greasy-haired rebel, and I can assure them there are definitely no beautiful and well-dressed American heroines, ready to be rescued or not.

There is, in fact, only Iceland and, as the classics say, *præterea nihil* (the troops use another expression).

Not that I think these Marines will mind. These are setting about training and work in a way that shows they can stand even the transition from the Southern States and its orange blossom without turning a hair. Their General knows his way around (as he would put it), his officers are charming—most of them have soft Southern accents—and his men are obvious workers. They have even started work on improving the local roads. We could tell them a thing or so about that, so could the Greeks, particularly one called Sisyphus. But it is nice of them to try.

And I am getting used to the friendly greeting "How'ya, Cap'n?"

But security must keep one quiet on what troops do every day. Instead I will tell you about Iceland's annual race meeting.

Imagine a furlong of sand-covered track, with no stands, no enclosures, no paddock, one judge's box that looks as though it had been inhabited by hens most of the year, and one totalisator (manual type). To that surged Iceland's youth and beauty, fashion and elegance—in short the whole sporting population.

In many ways it differed from our main sporting functions. For example, silk blouses and well-cut riding-breeches are not *de rigueur* for the jockeys. The general dress was rubber boots, plus-four trousers and a football

jersey laced up to the neck, but if you wanted to ride in grey flannels and a stiff white dress-shirt with the cuffs rolled back, as one competitor did, the stewards raised no objection.

Nor, indeed, was there much in the way of settled procedure about the whole meeting. For one thing, the manually-operated tote exercised a certain delaying influence over the whole affair, for the calculations for each race had to be worked out with pencil and paper before the next race could start. Nor was the nature of each race immutably fixed. One race started as a trotting race, until two ponies started to gallop, whereupon the stewards decided to call the whole thing just a gallop, which seems rather hard on those competitors who felt morally bound to continue trotting.

Fortunately the starter had elastic ideas too. Perhaps his best effort was to start one race with one pony facing the wrong way, but I can never understand why he started the next before two of the competitors seemed to have mounted. Perhaps they were being tediously slow.

One race was apparently open to dogs as well as ponies, for one sheep-dog completed the whole course and was well-placed. In another a woman competitor was a little temperamental, dismounted half-way along and completed the course on foot. But speaking of girls, the one I admired the most was the one who appeared in immaculate jodhpurs and a yellow polo jersey. She came by car and her pony arrived independently. We waited impatiently, anxious to see them flying down the track, but nothing happened. When the last race was over, she entered her car and drove away, while her pony was ridden off by a seedy-looking little man. I never got to the bottom of it all. Perhaps she thought the pony would enjoy all the excitement and glitter too. But I wish I knew.

Still, as you can see, it was a splendid day and a good time was had by all. I won thirteen kroner in all, which will just buy me two stiff whiskies next time I go to the local hostelry—provided I can dispense with soda. As my batman Gunner Killey said, "It doesn't 'alf remind me of a day excursion I 'ad on Bognor sands—'cept that the 'orses are smaller and the beer ain't so good."

But next time I write I must tell you about Ferdinand, our dwarf bull, and why the General's radish-crop failed.

Your loving son, HAROLD.



"Dummy pops off and attacks the Docks at Brest—O.K.?"





### No Bed!

**N**O bed! No bed! we shouted,  
And wheeled our eyes from home  
To where the green and golden  
woods  
Cried, Come!

Wild sang the evening birds,  
The sun-clouds shone in our eyes,  
A silver snippet of moon hung low  
In the skies.

We ran, we leapt, we sang,  
We yodelled loud and shrill,  
Chased No-body through the valley and  
Up the hill.

We laughed, we quarrelled, we drank  
The cool sweet of the dew,  
Beading on bud and leaf the dim  
Woods through.

We stayed, we listened, we looked—  
Oh, dark was on the prow!  
*Too-whit-a-woo*, from its hollow called  
An owl . . .

O Sleep, at last to slide  
Into eyes made drunk with light;  
Call in thy footsore boys to harmless  
Night!

W. DE LA M.

## Bath Night at the Donaltown Arms

THE bathroom at the Donaltown Arms might be any bathroom you know which is still a place to be fought for and is not just the guests', the servants', or even more simply "my" bathroom. You will know how we stand when I speak of the usual unassuming off-white bath with tide-marks, chair with cork seat, hook on the back of the door and small enamel jug to fetch hot water from the kitchen in. Where in rather lowbrow households you would look for a little poem telling you not to splash, and in intellectual ones a funny photograph perhaps, say of somebody's relations in Court dress, is a list of services at the Episcopalian Church of Scotland. And a printed notice asking you to Have Your Films Developed at MacIntyre's, under which Temporary Probationary Sub-Lieutenant Cinder, R.N.V.R., has written "We did" in pencil. The big pile of loofahs, talcum powder tins and fancy soaps on the cork chair belongs to the R.N.V.R., and is only there for the duration. The thing hanging on the back of the door is an electric razor which Sub-Lieutenant Cinder doesn't use but has travelled with ever since his twenty-first birthday. Though he has not been certain it's been worth the packing space it has taken up all these months, since Lieutenant Donne said he liked to see it about because it gave him a pleasant home-for-the-holidays feeling.

The way to get a bath here too used to be the same as in any one-bath household. You turned on the tap marked H and left it until the chill was off the water, put in the plug and hurried away to get undressed, along some passages and up and down a little staircase. The bathroom could be left unlocked, because there is a strong convention in Scotland too that a bath half-full of water belongs to the person who had the idea of turning it on. When you got back you felt the water at once to find out if it had run cold again and turned it off quickly. There was now an almost full bath of water, lukewarm at one end and cold at the other. In exceptionally inconvenient houses you might have had to siphon this away, but here you could just pull the plug out.

The way to get a hot bath at the Donaltown Arms was amongst us for

a long time a subject for speculation and discussion. Sub-Lieutenant Cinder says he had one once, but Lieutenant Donne thinks he is lying, and that what happened was that Mrs. McTeviot, the proprietress, mistook him for one of her sons, and washed him at the kitchen sink out of a kettle. Once after Lieutenant Donne had been reading the advertisements in an American magazine he dreamed that Lieutenant Steer of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve made us all feel uncomfortable by muttering two or three times into a quadruple gin. How come he had travelled six thousand miles to help us to be free, while all he had gotten from us was a cold bath every evening? Next day Lieutenant Donne completely overhauled the hot water system, thinking back all the time to a physics paper he had done at school in 1923, and a conversation he had had with the base engineer officer on the telephone, but so far as he could see there was nothing wrong except that the fire under the boiler was not hot enough to heat the water.

Some hours after closing-time everybody went along some passages and down and up a little staircase to the kitchen. It was empty except for Mrs.

McTeviot's youngest boy Sandy, who because of the last Housing Act may not be stuffed into the family bed, so sleeps on two chairs under a row of saucepans. "Are ye going to make a wee fire?" he asked us. "No' so wee," said Sub-Lieutenant Cinder, who has his eye on a girl who lives up the road, and is busy learning the language. "Ye'll find mair coal in the yarrd," admitted Sandy, turning back to the book on aircraft recognition he had borrowed from Sub-Lieutenant Cinder's bedroom. He looked up again when we had got the fire going—in time to see the bottom fall out of the furnace. We have been promised plenty of hot baths as soon as a man can be got out from Glasgow to mend it. Mrs. McTeviot has been quite nice about it really, perhaps because she no longer has to light the fire in the mornings. Sandy should have expected to be treated as a blackleg, but Sub-Lieutenant Cinder, who has a little brother at home, has made it all right with him by nearly promising him his electric razor.

A peculiarity I haven't mentioned which gives our bath a life of its own, even when nobody uses it, is the drainage. It is unusual, I think, for the drain-pipe from the bath to connect with the one from the kitchen sink. To get it to happen at the Donaltown Arms the builders had to think up those two little staircases. People going into the bathroom to clean it, or find out what time church is, or where to get a negative printed, are sometimes met by an economical sort of soup made of potato parings, tea leaves and cabbage stalks which rushes up at them through the plug-hole with a gurgle.

Still, as Lieutenant Donne says, by the end of the war we shall have learned to accept everything with the dumb-beast-like resignation of the pre-Tolstoy Russian peasant. Besides, he says, when he gets to sea he will be given more comfortable quarters and an extra cash allowance called Hard Lying Money. Meanwhile he is making such a good thing out of his Lodging and Provision Allowance that he is going to send for his wife to join him—if the course he is taking at H.M.S. Dogfish isn't finished before the furnace is mended.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.